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Latin, but they are not equalled as an approach to a scientific method in the study of legal distinctions.

This discussion has been very interesting as showing that the lovers of classical study are thinking. It constitutes one of our strongest claims to respectful consideration that no other body of teachers is so thoroughly conscientious as to the value of their subject and their duty to the present and coming generations. But that is largely due to this very study which so many deride. G. L.

### MANTUAN ECHOES

#### A Dialogue

*Philodoxus.* What a well-chosen spot, Professor! The slow stream winding among uncertain valleys, the mild ridges with here and there a rift for prospect or breeze, and at the farthest turn the sheer granite rising like a natural *memento mori*.

*Professor.* My dear chap, I thought you were a doctor.

*Philodoxus.* And so forbidden from further trespassing in the airy realms of neglected song. You know I never can forget those days in the Vergil class; and you brought instantly to mind old Anchises in a retired valley counting the ages, thinking of illustrious descendants, and wondering when the hour of the long-awaited visit should arrive. I never cared a fig for poetry until I read Vergil with you, sir, and they say that Keats, too, first came under its spell at the wand of the Roman magician. I always had an idea that the poets were afar from everyday life; while on the contrary even in my professional routine old sets of phrases seem absolutely and perfectly adapted to certain scenes or aspects of my life. What I got from Latin I wouldn't give up for three times the science I might at that time have had. We owed a lot to you. But don't the pupils ever get on your nerves?

*Professor.* Not if my nerves are healthily out of the way. Without infinite patience with young people's defects, ignorances, beliefs, and humors, one has no more right to be a teacher than you to be a doctor refusing to be called out at night.

*Philodoxus.* You read the same lines so often that I should think you would get bored by this time.

*Professor.* Even if Vergil were an obvious, not a subtle, poet, every discerning teacher knows by experience that no two classes are the same. The degrees of intelligence (or stupidity) are beyond calculation. Only one class could contain the lad who cornered me with grave doubt upon the reported placation of three-headed Cerberus with one lone cake! Only another could contain eighteen out of twenty who had never heard of Dives and Lazarus—and that, too, making all allowances for the Unread Book.

*Philodoxus.* Yet you must admit that Vergil is far from the reach of most of them.

*Professor.* And from me, too; nevertheless, there has never been a class that did not genuinely like him. The heroism of Aeneas, the perjury of Sinon, the silly credulity of the Trojans, the profound but uncertain treatment of human immortality in the sixth Aeneid, the trickery in the foot-race furnish topics for the liveliest discussion and debate. Some of the music oozes into the soul in scanning, and a performance like

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen  
ademptum

is a revelation of art to the young American. Even if Vergil used the decoration of baffling allusion less frequently, his condensed style would teach you an early respect.

*Philodoxus.* The mean joy he has in using words you think you know in ways which only experienced travelers could guess proved the worst trait for me.

*Professor.* In that test the magician proves himself, because for a moment you see one thing and in another moment lo! another is before your sight. This unworldly skill in the multiple personality of the single word won him in the Middle Ages a renown he would have smiled rarely over in dreamy Naples. You can never study the familiar gems without uncovering a new beauty and pronouncing the latest message the dominant message. The suggestive force is often merely picturesque, as in the saucer wine-cups, *spumantia cymbia*, shaped like real boats that toss the foam before them. When he speaks of the contending boats swimming with taut strength, *rostris tridentibus*, you actually behold them biting the liquid plain with their beaks. With equal fitness in the Sixth Book, when he mentions those who in the flesh have descended into the lower world and returned, he characterizes them in these words, *quos . . . ardens ad æthera virtus*—(I confess the verb has escaped me, but the meaning is 'lifted' or 'carried up'); here the 'burning virtue' is a hint of the sublime theory which he is about to develop, the theory which makes us all a piece of the divine ether whither we aspire as the eager flame. And an expression such as *insinuat pavor* in a flash reveals the serpentine cunning of fear passing through the souls of all who saw the priest and his sons conquered by the actual serpents. And so on to infinity.

*Philodoxus.* I should like to have met Vergil with enough frequency to have had the shy fellow confide to me how he arranged his days and hammered out his golden verse.

*Professor.* You would not have liked him, the dark man with a dyspeptic headache when making a full day of it as he says,

parere se versus modo atque ritu ursino,

for, while the keynote of his own as of his hero's life is summed up in

quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est, and, while he was a gentle, patient spirit, he was, I dare say, quite a bear even when he was licking his cubs into shape. They must have been days full of the artist's hesitancy, discouragement, doubt. How many a time he longed for the Lucretian abandon, less needed in the reflective than in the epic poem. The fierce joy of the wedded word and vision was never his; all his gems were the slow, stubborn products of industry, of desperate repetition, of merciless self-criticism. Two salient results mark the poem. No matter what he says, he is always symmetrical. When he has a theme suited to his peculiar ability, the form shows itself more clearly symmetrical, however, as in the moaning music of the metamorphosis of Cynus:

namque ferunt luctu Cynum Phaethontis amati,  
populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum  
dum canit et maestum musa solatur amorem,  
canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam  
linquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem.

Compare these few lovely lines with Ovid's diffuse physical treatment. The other result of which I spoke is the handsome, unathletic hero Aeneas. A better planned hero never played at reality. He is always loyal to heaven, kin, or country—*pius* without a flaw. But Vergil projects himself as an imagined man of health into the domains of battle-shout, of disaster and acclaim and so, when his hero weeps, he weeps not the scalding tears of rebellious Achilles but the tepid tears of an indisposed, demonstrative Italian.

*Philodoxus.* He certainly never licked Aeneas into shape.

*Professor.* Of course not. When Aeneas is represented deaf to the entreaties of his Rutulian foes and butchers them, you miss the touch of truth, you are sure that Vergil himself suspected this affected cruelty. From the passive Aeneas of the first half of the poem, who would guess the aggressive founder of empire of the second half?

*Philodoxus.* How could Dido have been charmed with such a fellow?

*Professor.* A maiden whose fate violently set her in the midst of a wild country might easily have fallen in love with him; a widow never. No woman fit to be queen and worthy of respect for judgment could have failed to note that a hero with eyes so intent on fate as to bear placidly the loss of beloved Creusa would surrender a second wife with equanimity if fate demanded.

*Philodoxus.* How can we in the face of all this explain the evident devotion of his followers?

*Professor.* He was perfectly sympathetic, tender, solicitous. The joy, not less than the adversity, of

others moved him to kindly thoughts and deeds. Again, Vergil had to reverse the whole body of tradition to make the new kind of hero embodied in Aeneas acceptable. Heroes gain their renown in one great leap to death and it is hard to keep the heroic alive in the conception of a patient, modest, dutiful man living everyday virtues with colonists for companions. The poet also contended with a philosophic ideal, with the creation of a hero built purely on Stoic lines with little human fallibility and none of the irrational spontaneity which we condemn lovingly because we are confident of its truth to life. He was the deified Roman.

*Philodoxus.* Does Turnus atone for the defective Aeneas?

*Professor.* In creating interest, yes, but artistically Aeneas perfectly fits the scheme. His desertion of Dido was heroic because determined by an end in which his personal preference would have imperiled the birth of a nation.

*Philodoxus.* Well, he was a pig, by your leave, just the same. He should have thought of his destiny earlier in the game. He always gives me a distinct qualm, the great man, the loyal Aeneas, as he is called with supreme irony to the last. And I always chuckle that he told Anna many a tale he never told Dido and I don't wonder at the legend that Anna followed him to Italy. He would have made an impeccable Sultan.

*Professor.* You are young and nothing but a sad Saxon. In these matters, given reason and a Saxon, and the criticism of a work of art would make old Sphinx Khafra's countenance one rippling smile.

*Philodoxus.* Yet I shall rise again and in time throw other unerring mudballs at loyal Aeneas.

*Professor.* Let so much have been said, in the words of the Father of History. Whatever we miss in the hero on the human side is doubly repaid us in the vividness of descriptions. Vergil was a master of that secret of entrancing description before which we all are questioning children. I mean that kind of personification which renders natural objects human, palpably human. The power answers to that primitive instinct which the wise men call animism. If things move, a will is behind that movement. Before Vergil introduces buried Ence-ladus we hear about us *pulsataque saxa . . . fractas voces*, rocks sea-lashed until they shrieked with pain. Then follows a picture of the Titanic deviltry which all Sicily sees trembling like a scared little girl. In the same way Spenser takes "sky-threatening towers" from *minantur in caelum scopuli*. This variously active device is present on every page of Vergil; and I know only two modern writers who wield it with the same easy mastery and charm, Victor Cherbuliez and our own Kipling.

*Philodoxus.* Still the habit leads to horrible Harpies and Atlas of the drooling chin!

*Professor.* Yes, but these must not spoil the total effect any more than pines in northern Africa or fallen leaves in Val d'Arno.

*Philodoxus.* There you hit another trick of poets which wearies me as much as our own professional masking of ailments in bedizened Latin.

*Professor.* In Greek lyrics allusion was, I think, often a parade of learning; in Latin, however, where the very structure of the language forbade rich compounding of words, we may with better grace forgive the indulgence in allusion. In Milton it seems at times an unwarranted pose and deserves the chill it engenders. You know poets are granted the opulent broiery of thought. We are not to reason the need; we should allow them 'more than nature needs' and prohibit scientists from wearing the 'poorest thing superfluous'. Luxuries of sound of which we can only guess after years have done their worst to despoil the feast are quite appropriate to the state of these royal entertainers. Some say that Keats tried to elicit the secret of his immediate favorite in those

Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,  
and contend that he had a system of vowel-variation. Why didn't you spend three years, my dear Philo, upon this speculation and secure a Ph.D. forsooth?

*Philodoxus.* I don't relish the fling when I think how narrowly I escaped that bait.

*Professor.* They are not all bad, those shapely-fashioned doctors, and they say neat things every now and then. I like the purple spots in theses where their imaginations take wing. One fellow in impressing again the mystery of sounds reminds us that consonants are sound-stoppers, barriers limiting the territories of vowels, the gentle instigators of collision among syllables. Each sound we utter is the center of a sphere and each day we listen to the real music of the spheres.

*Philodoxus.* You used to say that you liked the sixth Aeneid best of all? Have you changed your view?

*Professor.* No, I hold to the conviction that it is most representative. All Vergil's resources, so varied and so beautiful, are here most movingly displayed. As I said before, Vergil's art is inestimable. The very vagueness, mist, uncertainty of the approach to the realms of Dis gives you the sensation of groping among the mysteries and the alarms of darkness. Then, too, when a shade or apparition eludes the human clasp, Vergil appears not only to describe the insubstantial nature of the spirit but to suggest the absolution from once familiar ways of human affection. In the omission of detail he is likewise masterly, as in the Third Book the unfinished *quem tibi iam Troia* tells the eager Andromache that Creusa was no longer. An equally noteworthy phrase renders the flight and anxiety of Aeneas a passing picture before our eyes, that

of little Iulus following his father *non passibus aequis*, and shows us the kindly observation of the quiet, studious bachelor poet.

*Philodoxus.* That love of youth, and child-life, too, is characteristic of the man and fits well the most truly pathetic of poets. In all his work the yearning of a great general love for his fellows haunts you. The pleading of Anchises to the unborn Caesar and Pompey seems a very personal cry of weariness and regret at the needless ugliness of war, and, fortunately for his renown, that cry found a national echo. He becomes, while he writes, sensitive and pitying as a woman. His attitude on evil borders on the apology of a mother: the soul fails not from inherent defect so much as from outside contagion, and therefore merits the large mercy of a purgatory.

*Professor.* His choice of ideal lives, spirits worthy of the snow-white fillet, declares itself quite as tender as it is strong:

hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,  
quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,  
quique pii vates et Phoebæ digna locuti,  
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,  
quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

All in all these are to me the noblest lines Vergil wrote. No ancient poet rose to a greater moral elevation than he in this moving roll of the worthies of all time, the souls whose sum of life has been spent for other than selfish ends. And had he been living this moment to give expression to our work as a nation among nations, what verses more fitting than these?

tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento  
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,  
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

*Philodoxus.* And all these various moods and aspirations he manages to put into one meter. Yet are they enough to justify his rank as a poet?

*Professor.* A single lovely strain justifies the fame of the robin or the song-sparrow. In two lines of description Dante is unsurpassed even by his master and guide. At the beginning of the sun's mounting with those stars that were with him

quando l'amor divino

Mosse da prima quelle cosa belle,

you share the gliding of primal motion, you aid at the startling birth of time.

*Philodoxus.* Arnold supports you in that dictum, I think.

*Professor.* I think his single line "touchstone" of real poetry simple, scientific, economical. Tell me what lines of poetry impress you most and we shall know whether or not it is profitable to discuss poets at all.

*Philodoxus.* Have you ever visited Italy?

*Professor.* Yes, on your way to Brindisi, you change cars at bustling Foggia where old Diomed

founded Arpi, and on your way to Greece the gulls  
fleck and animate almost every space of sky and  
sea, swaying, swooping, rising in the sunshine till  
life and dreams grow one picture you never forget.  
Of this tender boy-dreamer among his northern  
hills I love to think oftenest. As a friend of mine  
rimes it:

A mere pale boy, who, watching docile sheep  
On mead and easy upland o'er and o'er,  
Wove many songs with young Sicilian lore  
The while his spirit with increasing sweep  
Loſged to be where seven hills in starry sleep  
Saw done the dauntless deeds, saw spent the gore,  
Saw drop the vanward bird and sink who bore,  
Until one master stemmed the battles' heap  
And reigned a prince of peace—the high renown  
That mother-city of all cities born  
To celebrate and rumor through all time  
With the grand pathos of her bright, dead prime,  
Was that pale boy's, whose very glories mourn  
As if they knew immortal rides no crown.

*Philodoxus.* They've found you, sir, your boys.  
No dreamers among these; and yet, who knows?  
Here they come, the followers of Bacchus. See  
that they don't tear us limb from limb, Orpheus.  
North Evans, New York. PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

### REVIEW

The Plan and Scope of a Vergil Lexicon with Specimen Articles. By Monroe Nichols Wetmore. New Haven: Published by the Author (1904). Pp. 128.

Index Verborum Vergilianus. By Monroe Nichols Wetmore. New Haven: Yale University Press (1911). Pp. viii+534. \$4.00.

Lexicon zu Vergilius mit Angabe sämtlicher Stellen. Von H. Merguet. Complete in 10 Parts. Leipzig: Richard Schmidt (1909-1912). Pp. 786. 50 Mks.

(Concluded from page 103).

In his Index Professor Wetmore planned to give a complete word-index to the acknowledged works of Vergil and to the poems usually included in the Appendix Vergiliana. The basis is the Teubner text of Vergil, by Ribbeck (2nd edition, 1895). Included also are the variants found in Ribbeck's critical edition (1894), in the editions of Ladewig-Schaper-Deuticke (1902-1907), Conington-Nettle-ship-Haverfield (1883-1898), Thilo (1886), Benoist (1876-1880), and of Gossrau (1876). As Professor Wetmore remarked in his dissertation (page 10), "Most, if not all, other editors in making up their editions follow the text of one of these six great editions". No attempt has been made to take account of conjectures which appeared in the periodicals: see the dissertation again (10). Nor have the variants noted by ancient commentators or found in quotations by ancient authors (see e.g. a famous

case, the readings given by Quintilian 9.3.8 in his quotation of Ecl. 4.62), unless those readings have been adopted in the editions named above. Some loss, at least in immediate access to important facts, the student of Vergil suffers here: but see the remarks below (page 109), on Mr. Marchant's criticisms. In critical notes, inserted in parentheses, MSS. variants are noted if they appear in any of the editions named above; unimportant variants (e.g. of spelling) are indicated by a dagger. In general no references are made to the MSS. of the Appendix Vergiliana. On certain results of this reticence see Mr. E. C. Marchant, in a review of our book in *The Classical Review* 26.25.

The forms of each word are arranged in the usual paradigm order: to each form a separate paragraph is assigned. Each word is to be sought under its first paradigm form; if that form in fact occurs in Vergil, it is printed in the Index in small capitals; in other cases it appears in italics. The spelling throughout is that of Ribbeck's text-edition: see the dissertation (11) for the considerations which guided the author here. Thus we find as one article the following: "*adfecto*: affectat, G.4.562; adfectare, A.3.760".

We have, then, a complete list of all the words found in Vergil, of all the forms of each word, and of all the occurrences of each form. Furthermore, every one who seeks to use the book for any purpose is regularly warned (except in connection with the Appendix Vergiliana) wherever there is a variation, important or unimportant, in the text. Such a warning is of great value; ambitious syntactical work has been not infrequently vitiated by the fact that the writer disregarded questions of text, basing important conclusions concerning an author's usage on an emended text. Mr. E. C. Marchant, in *The Classical Review* 26.25, points out what he calls "inconveniences" arising "from the limits within which Mr. Wetmore decided to work". For example, since *amaror* (substantive) is read in Georg. 2.247 in all the editions considered by Mr. Wetmore, he marks this solitary instance of the word with a dagger, meaning to imply that the variant is unimportant, though, says Mr. Marchant, there is a variant here which may turn out to be of importance. But this criticism, and criticisms based on Professor Wetmore's failure to include variants given by ancient commentators and in ancient quotations would hardly have been made if Professor Wetmore had said in the preface to his Index what he set forth in his dissertation (9), that Vergil is fortunate not only in his MSS., but "in having one of the best editions with a critical apparatus yet published for any Latin author", and that, since every serious student of Vergil will have Ribbeck's critical edition, it seemed needless to repeat what is given in Ribbeck's "testimonia" and apparatus criticus.